The Burlington Free Press.

NOT THE GLORY OF CÆSAR BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME.

BY H. B. STACY. BURLINGTON, VERMONT, FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1843. VOL. XVII.....No. 8

From the Knickerbocker for July,

THE TRYSTING HOUR.

BY MRS. E. S. NICHOLS.

I.

Beside my casement's trailing vines,
By meditation led,
I sit, when Sleep his pinion waves
Above each drooping head:
When all the shadowy forms that haunt
The bright abodes on high,
Steal softly forth, in silvery troops
From chambers of the sky.

II.

As down the midnight air they float
Upon celestial cars,
I turn me to a steady light
That gleams among the stars;
A prophet-light it is to me,
And shadows forth the hour
That calls my spirit there to meet
A seraph in its bower.

III.

Beside my casement still I sit,
When goes my *spirit* forth,
With waving plume, and rustling wing,
Up towards the blazing North:
While solemnly the stars look down,
And solemnly they seem
To shed a fair and brilliant light
On this, my waking dream.

IV.

And high each everlasting hill
Lifts up its crowned head,
Like some tall, stately cenotaph
For nations of the dead!
The broad, blue river rolls as free
As waters in that clime
Which bends above these wavers, that flow
Like some subduing rhyme.

V.

Beside my casement's trailing vines
The zephyr finds me still,
When matin-hymns are gushing forth
From bird, and bee, and rill;
For not until the morning star,
That herald of the dawn,
Has flashed upon the eastern skies,
Are my sad eyes withdrawn.

VI.

I weary of the brilliant day,
The warm, sunshiny air,
And cling unto the solemn night,
When nature kneels at prayer:
For then my spirit wanders forth,
With a resistless power,
And, with its kindred spirit, holds
The midnight Trysting Hour.

From the New York Observer.

HON. JOHN Q. ADAMS ON VOLTAIRE.

HARTFORD, July 10, 1843.

Messrs. Editors:—Below I send you a letter from Hon. J. Q. Adams, which I trust you will be disposed to make public. A word, by way of explanation.

About two years since, while I was travelling in Vermont, the pastor of a small village put into my hands a volume of Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary, purporting to have been translated by John Quincy Adams, with a commentary preface by the same. An Infidel neighbor of Rev. Mr. Hubbard had loaned it to him, boasting that J. Q. Adams was an Infidel as well as himself. Rev. Mr. H. procured the address of Mr. A., delivered at New York, in which he strongly urges the study of the Bible. After reading it, the Infidel replied, 'If J. Q. Adams blows hot and cold in this way, I will have no further confidence in him.' I suspected at the time that this was either a forgery, or else the name of another J. Q. Adams; yet knowing that it had been attributed to the ex-President, and therefore that his influence was made to sanction infidelity, I finally determined to ascertain the facts in the case, and also his views in regard to Voltaire's writings. These are contained in the following letter.

Yours, &c. JOSEPH EMERSON.

QUINCY, 17th June, 1843.

Rev'd Sir,—In answer to the inquiries in your letter of the 14th instant, I cheerfully state—1st. That I never published or made a translation of Voltaire's Philosopical Dictionary; 2d. That I never read that work, and am therefore unable to give an opinion upon its merits; 3d. That I never saw the book mentioned by you, as purporting to be a translation of Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary, by John Quincy Adams; 4th. That I have heard of a person a stranger to me, bearing that name, but know not how he came by it, nor to what family he belongs.

I have read extracts from Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary, and others of his writings infected with infidelity, but I have also read and seen performed on the stage his tragedies of Zaire, Alzire and Mahomet, and have read his epic poem of the Henriade. I have read his writings, in which he complains that he had been accused of irreligious propensities, and appeals to these tragedies and this epic poem as proofs of his orthodoxy. He boasts that when his tragedy of Zaire was first performed, it was called the Christian tragedy. In the tragedy of Alzire a Spanish Viceroy is murdered by a Peruvian Indian, and when the assassin is brought before him, as he is dying, he says—

'Learn now the difference between thy gods and mine,
Thy gods commandthee to revenge and murder:
And mine, when thou has stabbed me to the heart,
Command me to pity and forgive thee!'

In his Henriade, he glorifies Henry IV. for having been converted by a vision, in which his ancestor, St. Louis, proves to him the truth of the doctrine of transubstantiation; and he dedicated his tragedy of Mahomet to Pope Benedict XIV., assuring him that in exposing the impostor of a false religion, there was no person to whom the work could with so much propriety be dedicated, as to the head of the true religion: a compliment for which the sovereign pontiff rewarded him as a true and faithful son of the holy church, with his patertal and apostolic benediction.

Now, if the infidel neighbor of the Rev. Mr. Hubbard declared that he would have no further confidence in *me*, if I had been blowing *hot* and *cold*, by publishing a translation of Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary, and yet professing for myself religious sentiments and opinions, how could he have any confidence in Voltaire himself—such an adapt in the art of blowing hot and cold, that he wrote with the same pen his Philosophical Dictionary and his Henriade, his Zaire, his Alzire and his Mahomet—how could the infidel justify himself for recommending to his friend the work of such a weather-cock in religious opinions as Voltaire, and yet profess to withdraw all his confidence in me for my supposed inconsistency in publishing the infidel trash of Voltaire, and yet avowing religious sentiments for myself?

The truth is, that Voltaire was a lively, sarcastical, disingenuous, prejudiced, fanatical disbeliever in Christianity, ready to assume the mask of religion, or to cast it away, just as it suited his interest or his humor; intent above all things upon making himself a name, and flattering himself that his easiest way to do it was by demolishing the Christian religion. I never thought his Philosophical Dictionary worth reading, and I read his Bible only to dispise it.

I have read also his Maid of Orleans, and despised him also for that—infamous for its perversion of all moral principle, and all decency. Its injustice to one of the brightest characters in human history is its most crying sin. A Frenchman who can think or speak of Joan of Arc without reverence, must have a heart colder than the everlasting ice of the poles.

You are at liberty, sir, to make such use of this letter as you think proper. I am certainly not ambitious of the repufation of spending my time in translating or in publishing Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary.

* * * * * * *

'There are very few from some of whose writings I have recoiled with more disgust and horror; of his infidelity and dissolute morals I have had more than a surfeit; and if I have ever derived any benefit from them, it has only been by that process which extracts healing medicine from the deadliest of poisons.

I am very respectfully and thankfully,

Dear Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

GEORGE SELDEN THE GENIUS.

A TALE.

One cold evening in January, a young man, who, though clad respectably, was not well protected from the inclement weather, took his station in a London stage-coach yard to await the arrival of some country friends. The bustle which was going on around him did not attract much of his attention. Except when interrupted by a push from a porter, or to escape being run over by a horse or cart, he seemed entirely immersed in his own musings. Suddenly his face was lighted up with a smile—a smile of inspiration, and thrusting his hand into his pocket he drew forth a pencil and paper.—He then retired into a door-way, and commenced writing.

In the meantime, the coach whose coming he waited was driven into the yard, and while the busy operation of unloading was going on, while most of the passengers were heartily greeting the friends who had come to meet them, a widow and her daughter were looking about in vain for *their* friend. One by one their fellow passengers dropped off, and they were left alone, standing on the pavement beside their luggage. They exhibited signs of great disappointment. They had only one acquaintance in the vast wilderness, London. He had promised to meet them, and was not there. They were for the moment quite at a loss to know what to do. At last a by-stander recommended them to take shelter in the traveller's room of the inn. Their boxes were accordingly being removed thither, when one was accidentally knocked against a person standing most inconveniently in the passage. He uttered an angry exclamation, and, looking up, perceived the very persons for whose arrival he ought to have more vigilantly watched. But now his anger, and the cold abstractness of his manner, gave way to an opposite extreme. He greeted his friends with warm but unaffected delight: though by far the greater and more enthusiastic share fell to the younger female.

In less than half an hour the three friends were enjoying a refreshing meal, in a humble but neatly furnished apartment in the outskirts of the city. 'Really, George,' said the elder traveller, looking around the room, 'I admire your taste exceedingly. You have taken for us a very neat and comfortable lodging.'

'I have lived in the house ever since I came to London,' returned George Selden, 'and have been treated well enough by the landlady, though I do not trouble myself much about these things. But what news can you give me of Daleton?'

'Alas!' was the reply, 'little but what concerns ourselves, and that is sad, very sad.'

'Nay, mother, no desponding,' said her daughter, with an effort at gaiety. 'You cannot imagine, George, what trouble she gives me to keep up her spirits. She will not understand that brighter prospects are in store for us. In the first place, am I not a most lucky girl to get the situation of daily governess in Mrs. Webb's family? Has not she, also, promised to procure me other pupils?'

'Besides,' interrupted George Selden, 'there will be a time, my dear Mrs. Cooper, when a union of hopes, long nurtured, will give you a claim upon the exertions of us *both*.'

Miss Bessie Cooper blushed, and suddenly dropped her eyes to look at the pattern of the carpet.

'Patience is all that we require, and not much patience either,' continued young Selden, 'before we shall be placed beyond even apprehension of poverty. I shall soon leave my present employment, and shall soar above the intellectual degradation which it is now my fate to suffer, as a grocer's assistant.—One of my poems has already appeared in the Monthly Literary Boquet.'

'But have you no settled prospect of bettering your condition, in the event of your leaving your present situation?' enquired Mrs. Cooper.

'No prospect exactly settled; nothing positively definite,' replied the poet. 'But I know, I feel, that I shall one day be appreciated—that I shall hold a proper rank in the literary world. I have been writing a tragedy lately; it is finished all but the fifth act, and that will be done now in a very short time. I always *think* poetry when I am walking, and write it down the first opportunity. I was scribbling a brilliant idea for my fifth act when I first saw you.'

No remark followed, but the two females exchanged glances expressive of sorrow and disappointment. It seemed as if this announcement, though intended to give them pleasure, damped the hopes which already existed in their minds. When they parted for the night, Bessie Cooper would have wept, but for the dread of increasing her mother's unhappiness.

The firm to which the poetical George Selden condescended to give his services consisted of two partners, Mr. Williams and Mr. Webb. It being a wholesale, as well as a retail house, the partners superintended separate departments. Mr. Williams, a plain-spoken man of business, ordered all the concerns of the retail shop, and, indeed, occasionally served in it himself. He was a man of strict regularity and precision, and shared the labors of the business with the same degree of perseverance and punctuality as he expected from the persons he employed. It was he, therefore, who most noticed and sufferred most inconvenience from the extreme inattention to his duties which George Selden continually showed. About a week after the events we have narrated, he entered his partner's office to consult him about discharging so troublesome an assistant.

'Why, really,' said Mr. Webb, 'I wish you would try him a little longer. I wonder what effect a severe lecture will have upon him?'

'I can tell you without trying it. I have talked to him till I am tired. It has not the least effect. In fact, I believe he looks upon what I say with contempt. See, here is a bundle of his rubbish which I found hidden in a drawer. Every now and then he steals to the desk to scribble and add to the heap.

Mr. Williams produced several quires of paper, every page closely covered with writing.

'So,' said Mr. Webb, taking the manuscript, and smiling as he opened it; 'a tragedy, I declare. In blank verse, too. Well, though I daresay you will smile at my proposition, I will take it home with me, and look it over this evening.'

'But what good will that do? It will not correct the mistakes he so continually makes in the invoices, nor make him more punctual in his attendance at the shop.'

'That may be,' replied Mr. Webb; 'but the truth is, I take a more than common interest in this young man. You remember that, when I used to go to the western journeys, I often spoke to you about a certain John Cooper of Daleton?'

'To be sure; he was one of our best customers; at least in the matter of punctual payment. His money used to come up as regularly, on quarter days, as clockwork.'

'True; but, with all his honesty, he was unfortunate, and died, leaving his widow and daughter almost destitute. George Selden, an orphan, was his apprentice, and appearing to be an intelligent lad, I placed him in our shop. He is young and inexperienced, and I am loath to turn him out on the wide world of London, without trying every means to make him suit us better. He is a great fool, I admit. Unfortunately for her, he is in love with his late master's daughter; and Mrs. Webb has engaged her as governess to our children. Now, if he would only remain steady and attentive to business, they might very soon get married, and it would be their own fault if they were not happy.'

'All very pretty and romantic, I daresay; but I tell you what, Webb,' replied Williams, shaking his head, 'though a first-rate philanthropist, you are a deuced bad grocer. Well, I suppose I must put up with the lad till you reform him, or consent to my turning him away?'

The usual summons of 'Wanted, please, sir,' attracted Mr. Williams into the shop.

George Selden had recently become acquainted with a set of men of similar literary propensities, who had formed themselves into a society for the purpose of producing to the public their own works. All of them had written tragedies which had precisely the same catastrophes—they had been rejected by the managers. By mutual flattery, they had impressed each other with the idea that they were great but ill-treated geniuses;—that it was their duty to the public not to allow it to be longer defrauded of their tragic sublimities. They therefore proposed to take a theatre of their own, and to cause their works to blaze upon the world, to the utter confusion and ruin of managers.

It was only the night before that Selden attended one of their meetings. From a fair copy of his own four acts (the rough draft of which had got into his master's hands) he read portions of his drama. His audience professed to be in raptures; for it was a principle of theirs to receive the works of their fellows with great applause, that their own lucubrations might, out of gratitude, be equally well received in turn.

Consequently, the next morning, Selden having arrived at the shop, fastened on his apron with more than ordinary distaste.—That he, the author of four acts of a tragedy, the reading of which had been received with such enthusiasm, should be obliged to wear what he considered a badge of servitude, 'cut him,' to use one of his own tragic expressions, 'to the inmost soul.' He was out of humor with his shopmates, and treated them with more than usual supercilliousness. Indeed this was a fault which made him many enemies. His companions had no sublime visitations of poetry; their minds did not soar above their business, and for that reason he looked down upon them as an inferior order of beings. To day, therefore, he was mounted higher than ever upon stilts, and handled the tea, the sugar, and even the cash, with the utmost contempt for such grovelling articles. The consequence was, that he made more errors than usual. He casts accounts falsely, he gave wrong change, and supplied those customers with pounds of soap who had asked for pounds of sugar.—Perhaps it was lucky for his employers that they had granted him a half holiday, which he had solicited, to change his private residence.

Although scarcely more than a week had elapsed since he received Bessie Cooper and her mother with such rapture, yet he was already so tired of, and affronted with them, that he could not reside under the same roof. He would not subject himself to the advice which Mrs. Cooper had 'presumed,' as he said, to give him. Bessie, too, was, he was persuaded, a commonplace sort of a girl after all; and he could not think of throwing away his affections any longer upon a young woman who had actually intreated him to abandon his high imaginings, and to devote himself more closely to business. No; the being who could win his heart, must have a soul to sympathise with the loftiest flights of poetic genius. Bessie was a clever, exemplary girl, to be sure; but not the girl for George Selden. To lessen, therefore, the poor creature's sufferings for the loss of so estimable a lover, he determined to leave the house. Besides, he wished to get nearer to his new friends, the unacted dramatists.

When he next appeared at business, he was ordered to go into the counting-house. The first thing which caught his eye was his manuscript lying on the table before Mr. Webb. As he had not missed it from its hiding-place, he wondered how it got there; but that was soon explained.

'I sent for you Selden,' began Mr. Webb, 'to say that complaints are so constantly made of your inattention to and carelessness in business, that, unless you can manage to alter your conduct, you must seek another situation.'

'Very well, sir,' said the genius, with an air that was meant to express a total indifference as to whether he went or stayed.

'Perhaps you *wish* to go?' remarked the master.

'I certainly do find my situation here extremely incompatible with my feelings.'

'Then there is an end to the affair,' returned Mr. Webb, 'on Saturday next you will leave us.'

'Very good, sir.'

'You take the matter so coolly,' continued Mr. Webb, 'I presume you have provided yourself with a better place, or at all events, with one where you are to have higher wages?'

'Quite the contrary,' answered the genius, utterly disgusted with some of his master's expressions; 'I do not intend to take another *situation*, and if I did, *salary* is always with me a secondary consideration.'

Although Mr. Webb had read the tragedy, and was prepared for almost any degree of folly from its author, he hardly anticipated such decided infatuation. He felt a kind of terror at the fate which the young man was drawing down upon himself. 'A word or two before we part,' he said; 'Mr. Williams found this manuscript of yours. I have read it'——

Selden's eyes sparkled. He expected a flattering eulogy would follow. 'I read it with this view: I saw that you were rendering yourself totally unfit for a business-life, and hoped to discover in your poem germs of such talent as would justify me in encouraging you to cultivate it. In this I was totally disappointed. I can see that you have mistaken incoherent rhapsody for power, and the ravings of an unhealthy imagination for poetry. You are evidently ignorant of the first rudiments of literary art.'

George, who was fast losing his temper, murmured something about 'genius being superior to art.'

'That remark,' continued the master, 'proves your slight acquaintance with either. However great a man's genius may be, it is only by studying the means of making it intelligible to others, that he can prove he possesses it. Devoid of this kind of application and industry, genius itself is a curse. It fills the mind with that dangerous vanity which breeds a contempt for all useful employment; it makes a real merit of personal sloth, and deems a reprehensible dislike of business the evidence of superior ability. I corrodes the best feelings with constant disappointment; for the untutored and unstudied genius is filled with a desire for fame, and he never obtains it because he will not take the proper means. In the words of a clever essayist, 'he pants for the prize, but will not struggle in the race.'

The genius was getting impatient at being thus lectured by a mere tradesman, and wished to end the discussion by remarking, 'At all events, I find business and literature quite incompatible.'

'Doubtless, because you have not sufficient industry to cultivate both at the same time. But that has not been the case with many of our finest geniuses. Sir Walter Scott, a most voluminous author, is a punctual man of business. Being one of the clerks to the Court of Session in Edinburgh, he might be seen laboring in that certainly prosaic vocation day after day, with little intermission.—Charles Lamb, as a clerk in the East India House, passed the greater part of his life at the desk. One of our most esteemed poets was a keen and clever banker. Indeed, I could mention a hundred instances of men in business passing their leisure hours in literary pursuits, without interferance, in the smallest degree, with their daily avocations.—You, however, are unable to bring your fancied genius to the low level of trade or useful occupation. And I can only say, that I look upon your future career with extreme apprehension.'

It must be remarked, that, with all their high-souled resolves, geniuses of Selden's stamp are generally great cowards. Though he longed to combat Mr. Webb's opinions—though he burned for a wordy revenge upon notions so directly opposed to those of the select society of unacted dramatists—he did not dare to open his mouth, but took his manuscript tragedy, and left the office with an air of extreme sheepishness.

He was not long in unburthening himself; for, in the evening, he deigned a visit to the Coopers. Had he been anything but a pseudo-genius, his heart would have smote him for the care-worn pale cheeks of Bessie.—When he entered the room he found her busily employed with several sheets of paper, which were covered with figures. Her mother was knitting by the fire. Bessie arose, and tried to greet him with cheerfulness, but the effort brought tears into her eyes, and she again bent over her calculations.

'Well,' said George, with a flippant sort of gaiety peculiar to persons of his character, 'I have got quit of Williams' and Webb's confounded drudgery at last.'

'You surely have not left your situation, George?' inquired Mrs. Cooper, anxiously.

'Indeed but I have though. On Saturday I shall be a free man—free to work out the glorious destiny which lies before me.'

Bessie laid down her pencil, and turned towards Selden a look so full of grief, that it almost amounted to despair. The genius, however, did not, or would not notice it.

'By the by,' he resumed, 'let me tell you a good joke. I can hardly help laughing.—Only think; Webb, the grocer, the dealer in figs, actually took upon himself to lecture me about literature! It really was rich to hear him. Such nonsense, too, as he talked. Of course nothing else could be expected; for what can *he* know about poetry? a fellow that sticks himself behind his desk from Monday morning till Saturday night all the year round: and as to literature, never, I suppose, went beyond Wat-'s hymns or Scott's novels. I might have minded his lecture had he been any great literary man, who really knew what he was talking about, such as Byron or Moore, or the wonderful genius who has lately burst forth under the assumed name of 'Alpha;' but a commonplace tradesman—psha!'

George look round for some marks of assent or approbation for this fine oration; but his manner and discourse had filled the hearts of his hearers too full of grief, to enable either of them to speak. 'Pho,' he said to himself, 'I am talking Greek to these people.—I ought to have known they have no ideas above knitting stockings and adding up sums. 'I am afraid I am intruding,' he ejaculated, finding the silence continued; 'I only just dropped in to ask how Bessie got on with Webb's wife?'

'Most comfortably,' replied Mrs. Cooper. 'Besides teaching the children, Mr. Webb, hearing that she was clever at figures, gives her accounts to do at home. You see we are both very busy.'

'Ha, ha! I see,' replied Selden, rising; 'I can take a hint. Well, good bye; if you read the public prints, you'll hear of me soon, in a way that will astonish you. Good-bye!'

As George Selden descended the stairs, he could not help accusing himself of cruelty to that unhappy girl. 'But really it cannot be helped. Pity she has no soul—poor thing,' murmured the genius, as he slammed the street door

During the following week, Mr. George Selden having become a gentleman at large, revelled in all the luxuries of laziness and literature. He lay in bed till twelve o'clock every day, and having performed the duties of the toilet (which were now rather onerous, for his long hair took a good deal of brushing,) he sallied forth to a neighboring coffee-shop, where he could read the papers and magazines over his breakfast. He then lounged to the lodging of some new literary friend, to talk sublimity and poetical metaphysics. At length he went to the theatre to criticise the play, and to condemn it, as infinitely inferior to his own tragedy; or else to attend a debating club he had joined. But he never missed a meeting of the select society of unacted dramatists.

Meantime he became a traitor to the cause of the unacted drama, for he secretly sent his play to one of the managers feeling assured that its acceptance and production would follow as a matter of course. It was, however, decreed, that with all [illegible] intention of being a renegade, he was still to remain, in reality, true to the unacted cause, for his play was sent back in about a month with a very decided negative. While musing upon the extreme stupidity of a manager who did not know his own interest, Selden received a note from Messrs. Williams and Webb, desiring his immediate attendance upon them. The dignity of the genius was much damaged by the peremptory terms in which the missive was couched, and he determined to show the senders what was due to a literary character. He therefore sent back the following note written upon polished post, and enclosed in an elegant envelope.

'Mr George Selden presents compliments to Messrs. William's and Webb, and begs to state that his literary advocations prevent him from attending upon them at present.'

About this period the 'Alpha' before-mentioned was making a great sensation in the reading world as a magazine writer and poet. Indeed his talents procured for him the honorable patronage of George Selden's debating club, and one of their subjects of discussion was. 'The literary capabilities of Alpha, with reference to a comparison between modern and ancient genius.' Selden dressed himself with peculiar care, for on that evening ladies were admitted to hear the debate. His collar was turned carfully down in imitation of the Byron portraits. A large pin was fastened into his stock, which, with his silk waistcoat and long hair, gave him, he thought, rather a distinguished appearance. Before, however, he could leave his lodging, it was intimated that a person wished to see him. That person immediately made his appearance, and having shut the door, sat down near it.

'Your name is George Selden I believe?' said the stranger.

'It is. What is your pleasure?'

'I am sorry to say I hold a warrant aginst you.'

Selden trembled, and turned pale. 'A warrant?' he faltered out.

'Yes,' continued the police officer, rising and touching the wretched young man's arm; 'you are my prisoner.'

Unable to speak, or to enquire with what he was charged, Selden was half led, half dragged into a cab which awaited them in the street.—Arrived at the station house, he heard the charge made to the inspector. He was accused of embezzling a sum of money, the property of his late employers, and suspected of further defalcations.

After passing the night in a cheerless cell, stung and tortured by the most bitter and humiliating reflection, George Selden was the next morning placed as a felon at the bar of one of the city police offices. His wan, haggard countenance, contrasted painfully with the gaudy finery in which he was attired. His appearance was not calculated to operate in his favor; for the style of his dress led to inferences by which the wretched expression of his countenance was accounted for, not so much from mental anguish, as from dissipation.

Mr. Williams appeared as prorecutor. It was proved that since Selden left his employment, one of the customers of the firm, on receiving his account, discovered that a sum of thirty odd pounds, with which he was charged, was previously paid. On calling at the shop to rectify the error, he produced the receipt, to which the name of George Selden was attached. He also proved that he paid the money to Selden, no other person being near at the time. Messrs. Williams' and Webb's cash keeper, when put into the witness box, swore that the prisoner had never handed over to him the sum mentioned in the charge, as it was his duty when he had received it. To this direct evidence other circumstances of a criminatory nature were added. It was shown that Selden evinced a desire to quit his situation on the day after he received the money; that he had previously left a humble for a more elegant lodging; that he had, since resigning his employment, been living at somewhat expensive rate; that, when sent for, he forwarded an impertinent refusal to see his late employers; and finely, it was inferred that he supported his extravagances out of the proceeds of the frauds committed on his employers.

While this evidence was accumulating, the unfortunate young man seemed overwhelmed with shame. By the time it was concluded, his frame trembled violently with agitation; he became ashy pale; and when asked what defence he had to make to the accusation, he was unable to speak. His silence was constructed into a reservation of his defence for another tribunal, and he was forthwith committed to Newgate, to take his trial at the ensuing season of the central criminal court.

When George Selden told Mrs. Cooper and her daughter they would most likely here of him in the newspapers, he little thought how soon and how fatally that likelihood would become realised. The morning after his commitment, the woman of the house in which the Coopers lived entered their room pale and agitated, bringing with her a newspaper containing a report of her former lodger's examination.—The shock which the news communicated to Bessie was terrible. She sunk upon her mother's neck, uttering cries of grief, that were for a time heart-rending. When the violence of her sorrow had somewhat abated, she sat down in a chair, rocking backward and forward, her hands clasped over her knees in apparent stupor—a picture of mute despair.

It is a characteristic of some woman, that while they evince in the ordinary affairs of existence the most timid and retiring temperament, they are capable, in circumstances of difficulty and danger, of invincible energy. It was thus with Bessie Cooper. Instead of stupor (of which she exhibited outward signs,) she was employed in deep thought. A conviction, which, though totally unsupported, was still a conviction, assured her of George's innocence, and added a strength of resolve and determination of manner quite new to her character. She rose from her seat as if from a sleep, and taking the newspaper, read the report with the utmost attention.

'With all his faults and flightiness,' said Mrs. Cooper, 'I cannot believe him guilty. Your father has often trusted him with all he possessed in the world without a suspicion.'

The landlady, hitherto a silent actor in the distressing scene, here put in her testimony to the punctuality of her late lodger's payments; a test of morality deemed by London lodging-house keepers perfectly infallible.

That day Bessie Cooper did not attend at Mr. Webb's private house as usual to instruct his children; but, accompanied by her mother, went to his place of business. She entered his counting-house alone. Mr. Webb received her with great surprise, but with a melancholy expression of kindness, which showed how deeply he sympathised with her sufferings, at the same time he was struck with the calm firmness of her manner. She stated her errand without circumlocution: she wished an order to be procured to see the culprit in Newgate.

As may be expected, Mr. Webb was astonished at this request. The young woman's manner, so earnest, almost dignified, forbade the supposition that the wish arose from a mere girlish desire to see and converse with a lover. He enquired her reason for so strange a request.

'Because, sir, I know he is innocent,' was the reply.

'Indeed? I am sure I need not say how happy I should be if any fresh facts could be brought to light to stem the strong current of evidence which has set in against him.'

'I have no such facts,' replied Bessie, 'but I have known him from childhood; we grew, we were brought up together, and'——here her utterance was choked by rising tears; 'and I am convinced he is incapable of what is charged to him. I wish to see him, to learn the exact circumstances of the transaction concerning which he is suspected.'

There was something so rational and business-like in all this, that Mr. Webb immediately sent to the sitting alderman for the required order, and Bessie and her mother were soon on their way to the gloomy mansion of crime.

They entered the prison, and were ushered by the turnkey into a narrow passage, one side of which consisted of strong and closely-placed iron bars, the other of a dead wall. Behind the bars, there was a small yard, with a door leading into a kind of cell at the extremity of it. Selden who had hardly recovered from the shock of his commitment, saw with amazement who had come to console him in his affliction; he covered his face with his hands, and wept like a child.

Bessie, knowing how much depended on firmness and an unclouded brain, intreated him to be calm. She then questioned him minutely about the transactions of the day on which the money he was accused of embezzeling was paid. She implored him to tax his memory to the utmost, so as to tell her everything that happened on that morning. He could, however, recollect nothing which tended in the least degree to unravel the mystery; for Bessie, with a woman's confiding faith, never for one instant assumed his guilt.

'The most trifling incident,' she said, 'might afford some clue. Did you serve no customers that morning, or receive payment of any other account.

'All I can remember is, that Sir Charles Fox's butler came to complain of a mistake I had made in his invoice; that he left it to be corrected; and that I afterwards made out a new one, having lost the original.'

No gleam of hope entered Bessie's mind from these words. She dared not stay to converse on any other subject, for had she done so, her energies would have forsaken her. But it was terrible, when they would have shaken hands, to find the iron bars impeded even the poor consolation of that simple act; and in leaving the prison, Bessie was obliged to lean heavily on her mother for support.

It was not long before she again presented herself to Mr. Webb; she had a new favor to ask, a stranger one even than the first; it was to be allowed to see the cash-keeper and his entries for the day upon which George's accusation was founded. Mr Webb assented at once.

'I know you already,' he remarked, 'for a ready and clever accountant, and will give you every possible assistance. Johnson,' he continued, calling aloud, 'come here, and bring your daily cash-book.'

The cashier appeared. The book was handed to Bessie, who turned to the account in which the transactions of the day named in the indictment of George for embbezzlement was recorded. Item by item she read over the various entries. At last she saw that a sum precisely the same in amount as that for which her lover was incarcerated for stealing, was placed to the account of Sir Charles Fox, whom George had before mentioned. She instantly asked the cashier whether Sir Charles Fox's account had been recently sent in.

The clerk replied in the negative.

'Then,' said Bessie, 'I entreat you to send one immediately.'

Though Mr. Webb and the clerk were at a loss to conceive the object of applying to Sir Charles Fox, the request was complied with. While the clerk was gone on this errand, Bessie's agitation and suspense became almost insupportable. Firmly persuaded of Selden's innocence of everything but of contempt for and carelessness in his duties, she had a strong presentiment that the error he committed would be cleared up by the step now taken. Still she was not without her fears, which were to be confirmed or banished by the result of the clerk's mission. She saw him enter the shop on his return. As he opened the glass door of the counting-house, she darted her eyes upon him, as if her whole fate was written in his countenance. But she learned nothing there. The cashier was a rigid man of business, and his face was a blank. 'The fact is,' he said to Mr. Webb, 'there is some mistake. We have credited Sir Charles Fox with thirty pounds fifteen and fourpence, which he declares he has never paid.'

A short chain of thought darted through Bessie's brain. Its results caused her to murmur, 'he is saved,' and to faint in her chair.

Had not her mother been by, poor Bessie, would have been left to her fate, for Mr. Webb's whole attention was now otherwise absorbed. Mr. Williams was called in; cash books, journals, and ledgers were turned over, entries traced; and before Bessie recovered her senses, the whole thing was cleared up. Selden *was* innocent. The truth is, he had received money from one customer and placed it to the account of another, during one of his poetical fits of abstraction. This fully showed how his name got placed to a receipt for money which he seemed not to have accounted for. Further inquiries were made, and it was found he had saved out of his wages the money so improvidently spent in fine lodgings and fine clothes. It happened that the grand jury were then sitting; all these new facts were sworn before them; they ignored the bill, and George Selden was restored to liberty.

About two months after these events, a newly married couple were seated in Mr. Webb's private office, attentively listening to what that gentleman was saying. 'Not long ago,' he said, addressing himself to the bridegroom, 'you heard my advice with impatience, almost contempt, because you then looked upon me as a mere mechanical man of business. That you may be more attentive to what I shall now say, and that you may know it is possible for a tradesman to be unremitted in his duties, and at the same time employ his leisure with success in literature, let me now inform you that the 'Alpha,' whom you were pleased, as I have heard, to patronise with your approbation, is no other than myself. You have already been taught by her who, happily for you, is now your companion for life, the superior value of common sense and practical acquirements, over what goes by the name, oftener than it deserves it, of 'genius.' To her you owe all your happiness.'

George Selden, for he was one of the persons addressed, tried to speak, but tearful emotions prevented him. He firmly clasped the willing hand of his wife, and looked towards her to speak for him. But her heart, also, was too full. They both wept tears of happiness. Mr. Webb, but for a strong effort, would have exhibited some emotion, but turned it off by asking what had become of the tragedy? George owned without the smallest appearance of regret, that he had burnt it.

That evening there was a grand supper in the shop prepared under the superintendance of Mrs. Cooper, who had been installed as housekeeper to the establishment. Her daughter, now Mrs. Selden, had had the privilege of inviting any person she pleased; and besides all the men and their female friends belonging to the house, Mr. Williams, Mr. Webb, and Bessie's pupils, graced the soiree with their presence.

The last I heard of George Selden was, that he is a partner in the firm of Williams and Company, and a livery man of the city of London. Though he did not wholly abandon literature, he never, that I could ascertain, publish a line of poetry. His most popular works are entitled, 'An Essy on Foreign Exchanges,' and a pamphlet on 'Colonial Produce.' The sixth edition of the latter was, I perceive, advertised in yesterday's paper.